

13
The Welcome.

Eng. Poetry and 19.

Two Congratulatory

P O E M S,

the first, humbly inscrib'd to the
Most August Monarch

G E O R G E

KING of Great Britain, France and Ireland; &c.
On the prospect of his happy arrival in these Kingdoms.

The other to his GRACE
the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,
on his return to *England.*

By different H A N D S.

NOTTINGHAM:

Printed by J. COLLIER, and sold by HEN.
ALLESTREE Bookfeller in DERBY, 1714.
(Price two Pence.)

The Welcome

Two Congratulatory

P O E M S

the first, humbly inscribed to the
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KING of Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.
On the prospect of his Majesty's arrival in this Kingdom.



The other, GRACE

the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,

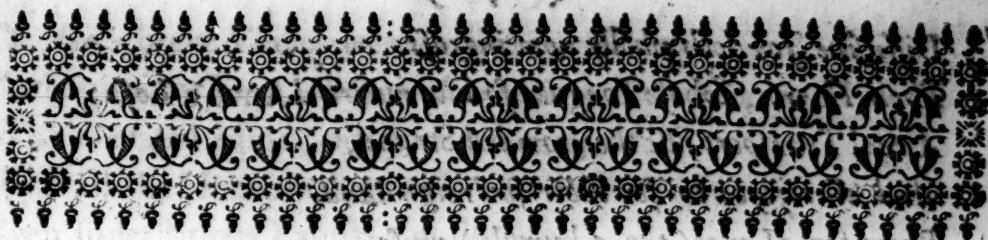
on his return to England.

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By J. H. AND S.

NOTTINGHAM

Printed by J. COLLIER, and sold by W. H. A. & S. in LONDON, 1714.
(The two Books)



(4)

T H E
W E L C O M E &c.

Custos Gentis, abes jam nimium Diu :

Maturum reditum pellicitus Patrum

Sancto Concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, aux bone, Patriæ.

Inter veris enim Vultus ubi tuus

Affulsit Populo gratior it Dies,

Et soles melius nitent.

Quærit Patria Cæsarem:

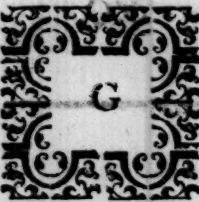
Hor.

✠✠✠ R O P I T I O U S *Auster, blow with gentle Gales,*
✠P✠ *Keep smooth the Seas, yet fill great GEORGE'S Sails;*
✠✠✠ *But least thou should'st be slow to bless our Shore,*
We send our Pray'rs to help to waft him o're.
See! the tall Fleet, 't'wixt Sea and Land appear,
And still grow'st taller, as it draws more near
From Albion's Cliffs Huzzas by Millions fly,
And Shouts of welcome rend the trembling Sky;

A

Dis-

*Diffusive Joy doth wholly now ingross
 Their Hearts, whose Tongues so late mourn'd Anna's Loss :
 A real Transport fills the crowded Strand,
 And all rejoyce to see their sov'reign land.
 Room for a Loyal (tho' a humble) muse
 Nor blame the Zeal she at this juncture shews ;
 Let her exert her self, and briefly dare
 Something that's worthy, e'n of GEORGE'S Ear.*


R E A T Sir, a welcome, equal to our Joy,
 Must more than 20 Million Tongues imploy :
 From Town to Town we hand our loud Huzzas,
 From the *Lands-End* unto the *Orcades*:
 Your faithful Subjects in one Shoute unite,
 Which the surrounding Ocean doth repeat :
 The Ocean planted thick with Towns of Oak,
 Second our Shouts with Thunder, and with Smoak :
 Which to far distant Shores our Joys convey,
 That the great Noise, through *Europe* makes its Way,
 And distant Kingdoms think't their safer Course,
 To court our Favour, than to try our Force :
 And those, whose Interest's link'd with ours, declare
 Their Joy, that in our Friendship they've a Share ;
 Whilst we secure, from all that might be fear'd,
 As free from Danger as when *William* Steer'd,
 Or

Or *Ann's* brave Forces were to Victory led
 Each glorious Year, with *Malborough* at their Head.
 With elevated Mind, our Joys proclaim,
 With all the Honours due to *GEORGE'S* Name;
 Even superstitious Papists can declare,
 How much, alas ! How very much they fear,
 Their Popish Dragon now must lose his Sting,
 Because St. *GEORGE* our Champion is, and King;
 And there its Right; for Truth it self declares
 They're rational, not superstitious Fears.
 True Fortitude no cross Event can shake,
 Brav'ry, and Courage does the Champion make;
 And as consummate Prudence governs this,
 So *GEORGE* our Saint, and King, and Champion is.
 Your Fame great Sir, we often heard from far,
 Your Conduct, and your Bravery in War:
 Your Valour twice the sinking Empire sav'd,
 And from successful Foes the Palm retriev'd,
 To which, Sagacity and Prudence join'd,
 Make You the Dread and Darling of Mankind:
 In War, your Valour, Prudence such in Peace,
 Will us secure in Happiness and Ease,
 And may, we hope, intestine Murmurs cease.
 Heaven great Sir, that Task reserves for you,
 Your Predecessours had not Power to do:

WILLIAM'S great Deeds we to our Children tell;
 how us he sav'd even by a Miracle;
ANN'S Vict'ries in Peace did terminate
 With Foreign Foes, both did what ever's great,
 But neither could alay intestine Heat.
WILLIAM'S last Speech his strong Desires proclaim,
ANN from the Crown has often urg'd the same,
 Both nobly strove the charming point to gain,
 And yet (ah Shame to us!) both strove in vain:
 But now kind Heaven its Influence sheds around,
 No Symptom now of Discontent is found;
 With longing all their Sovereign Wish to see,
 and all with Zeal express their Loyalty.
 From this Auspicious Hour for ever cease,
 Then all our Fears, and former Jealousies;
 Let those accurst Distinctions be no more,
 Which honest Men have with Impatience bore.
 Nor this, nor that Opinion spoil the Friend,
 Let Low-Church rise, and let the high descend,
 And all the Difference in the middle End.
 For ever silent be the vitious Pens
 Of buisy, itching Scriblers, whose pretence
 To set the People in their Notions right,
 Has long maintain'd a fatal Paper Fight.

Bitter

These bitter Skirmishes, have weak'ned more,
 Our Church and State; than France with all her Pow'r:
 Such Wounds are made by this destructive Zeal,
 That none but *GEORGE*, (if *GEORGE* himself) can heal.
 Hence forth no more of this, let all conjoin,
 In one loud Shout their Hearts and Tongues with mine,
 Long live the King! And may kind Heavens maintain
 Peace, Love, and Plenty thro' his glorious Reign.
 Long bless the establish'd Government by Law,
 In Church, and State; *Amen, Amen. Huzza!*

A Poem, on the Duke of Marlborough.

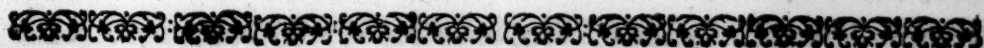
----- Merces profundo, Pulcror evenit:
 Luctere, multa prouet integrum
 Cum hude victorem: geretque
 Prælia conjugibus loquenda.

E saw great Sir, when every Year you wore,
W Lawrels that never *Briton* did before.
We saw when each Campaign you us'd to come
 Laden with Victory and Glory Home.
 We saw when States, and emulous Princes strove,
 To shew to you their Gratitude and Love.

Glad *Europe* triumph'd while astonish'd *Gaul*.
 Rever'd the mighty Hand that seem'd to vow its Fall.
 We saw all this and wonder'd then to find,
 Such Condescension with such Glory join'd.
 In you as rare, as 'tis a charming Sight,
 Humility with Honour did unite.
 And as your Glories more excessive grew,
 So did your Modesty, and Goodness too.
 Nothing remain'd to make your Praise compleat,
 But bravely to sustain the Storms of adverse Fate.
 This Honour careful Heaven has done you now,
 And given you leave, your generous Soul to show;
 Not by high Fortune rais'd, nor yet cast down by low.
 Your Vertues now fresh Admiration raise,
 Excite our Wonder, but exceed our Praise.
 Hail glorious Man! Now in both Fortunes prov'd,
 In both alike superior and unmov'd,
 Still more to be admir'd, and more belov'd!
 Th' Attempts of Envy to degrade your Worth,
 Have still with brighter Lustre set it forth.
 So mists a while, the Sun's bright Face may shroud,
 But soon his conquering Beams dissolve the Cloud.
 So Palms oppress'd, with greater firmness rise,
 And lift their tow'ring Branches to the Skies.

Fresh

Fresh Glories you from Opposition gain,
 Your factious Enemies have strove in vain:
 To blast the Lawrels which your Merits won,
 Hoping to wound your Name, have stab'd their own.
 And whilst they can't your rightful Praise endure,
 Brighten the Glories which they would obscure.
 Go on great Hero ! like the Sun above,
 Still in your own superior Orbe to move.
 And still the same exalted Genius show.
 Nor heed the Noise of barking Curs below.
 Your Fame, pure and un sullied as the Light,
 Attracts the Eyes of all, but Birds of Night.
 The conquering Lawrels that adorn your Brow,
 In Spight of Envy shall more verdant grow.
 Your Name shall shine in Annals endless Date.
 And just Posterity shall call you Great.



The End.

(2)

From Glories you from Opposition gain,
Your Factions Enemies have known in vain:
To blash the Lawrels which your Merits won,
Hoping to wound your Name, have stab'd their own,
And whilst they can't your rightfull Title endare,
Brighten the Glories which they would obscure.
Go on great Hero, like the Sun above,
Still in your own superior Orbe to move.
And still the same exalted Course show.
Nor heed the Noise of barking Curs below.
Your Name, pure and unallied as the Light,
Awards the Poes of all, but Birds of Night.
The conquering Lawrels first adorn your Brow,
In Sight of Navy shall more verdant grow.
Your Name shall shine in Annals endless Date,
And just Posterity shall call you Great.

The End

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